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"My Missionary Life in Persia," while it is played upon by a lightsome whimsicality, is yet suggestive enough to be regarded seriously as a guide to conduct. The author preaches a little sermon on altruism. His text is not "Be good and you will be happy," but "Be happy though good." It is refreshing to find Mr. Crothers divesting Altruism of her solemn mien of self-sacrifice and all uncomfortable virtues and clothing her in gayly colored raiment.

This essay, with its stimulus toward a bright and happy morality, deserves to rank with that "In Praise of Politicians" as among the best that have ever come from his pen.

The last named is a defence of the politician *versus* the politicaster—this apt term of Milton being adopted to differentiate between the Gaynors and the Crokers of our American political life. The author's plea for the dignity of politics is earnest and able. He tells us that the politician's "high disinterested virtues must be built upon political virtues of the common sort," but he proceeds then to point out that these same virtues of the common sort are not to be despised. Because the politician must concern himself with expediency his morality is *not* necessarily of a low order. In an interesting discussion of Lincoln as a great exponent of expediency we are reminded that he frequently allowed his official duty to dictate terms to his personal conscience.

"The Expedient is a poor relation of the Best," the author says. "It is the Best Possible under the circumstances. It is a superlative that has gone into business and must work for its living. It has to be a good manager in order to get along at all; and its rich relatives, the Absolute Bests of Utopia Centre, are always blaming it because it does not get on faster."

This last phrase may serve as an example of the manner in which the author uses his whimsical humor to illustrate a serious meaning. No matter how much in earnest he may be, evidence of his wit is never long absent from his pages. It is constantly bubbling up in unexpected places.

In spite of the author's exceeding cleverness, he is invariably good-tempered, free from prejudice and full of an easy optimism. He believes that—to use his own words—"there are those in whom the moral flag does not always follow trade." And in this very ease lies a part of his power to charm.

THE FRENCH RENAISSANCE IN ENGLAND. By SIDNEY LEE. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1910.

This is, perhaps, the most readable and interesting of all Mr. Sidney Lee's valuable contributions to the literature of Elizabethan England. For, although he traces the debt of Tudor England to the French Renaissance and deals thoroughly with French influence on Skelton and Hawes, and the borrowings of Wyatt and Surrey from Marot and Allimani, the main part of the book is a thorough investigation of the effect upon Elizabethan prose, lyrie, drama and religious thought of the French Renaissance. The metrical debt, the dictional borrowings from Ronsard and the Pléiade are enlightening and exceedingly interesting. Certainly they suggest that further valuable research might be made along the same lines. Mr. Lee quotes Arnold's dictum: "The criticism which alone can help us for

the future is the criticism which regards Europe as being for intellectual and spiritual purposes one great federation bound to a joint action and working to a common result." The fact that every national literature feeds largely upon various sustenance, upon the literatures which have preceded it in time, is acknowledged now; and had such knowledge been widely spread earlier the futility and foolishness of the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy might have been avoided. It is even to the student of literature somewhat of a blow to find out how large a part of the Shakespeare sonnets—those sonnets which we are accustomed to look upon as a direct and personal revelation—belong to the literary conventions of the day. Mr. Lee not only gives us an illuminating number of parallel passages and direct transcripts from French literature in the sonnets, but he points out that the plea to the friend to perpetuate his beauty in offspring; the denunciation of a false mistress of dark complexion; impassioned appeals in the name of friendship; an ecstatic praise of the friend; the singing of a patron's high birth, wealth, rank, intellect and the singer's servitude; the tests of adversity which strengthen love; the vaunt of immortality for the song—all these conventions are paralleled in the sonnets of Jodelle, Ronsard, Jamyn, Desportes, Du Bellay and others. In connection with this book of Sidney Lee's it is well to recall an excellent book published a year ago, "The Claims of French Poetry," by J. C. Bailey. The very able studies of Ronsard and Marot will amplify Mr. Lee's study.

This book on the French Renaissance in England has not only all the authority of Mr. Lee's unquestioned and able scholarship, but it is full of life and interest. It is more charmingly written, more delightful to read, than any of the same author's earlier work.

FRANCE UNDER THE REPUBLIC. By JEAN CHARLEMAGNE BRACQ, Litt.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1910.

After reading this book no one has to ask why most Frenchmen live in France. The inquiry is here fully and finally answered. France is a paradise for Frenchmen. It is a matter of congratulation that there is such a place on the earth. Did France wish to offset its declining birth-rate by encouraging immigration, we might suggest to the new ministry an appropriation,—or credit, as they call it,—for the free publication of this work.

"Which of you by taking thought can add one cubit to his stature?" The present-day answer is, France can; and under the present *régime* it has added many cubits to its moral, mental and material height and has even increased the physical proportions of its men and doubtless of its women also. This book, which is, in the main, a comparison of France under the Third Republic with France under its former governments, and particularly with its immediate predecessor, the Second Empire—1910 with 1870—establishes to the perfect satisfaction of its author that France is *la belle France*, beautiful morally, intellectually, economically and socially, and is growing in grace every day. "Go to Paris and die," some one has said; but we say, putting it rather more broadly, "Go to France and live." Vassar College may be proud that she has any charm potent enough to hold our author even for nine months in the year.

To speak less lightly, this book contains a select assortment of statistics